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A

GENTLEMAN FROM IDAHO

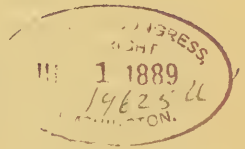
A Drama

IN PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1889



PS635
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CHARACTERS.

GILEAD P. BECK	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Comedy</i>
LAURENCE COLQUHOUN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Leading</i>
JACK DUNQUERQUE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Juvenile</i>
CORNELIUS JAGENAL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Character</i>
HUMPHREY JAGENAL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Character</i>
GABRIEL CASSILIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>1st Old Man</i>
CAPTAIN LADDS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>2d Old Man</i>
LEE CHING	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>2d Heavy</i>
PHILLIS FLEMING	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Ingénue</i>
MRS. CASSILIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Leading</i>



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TMP92-009285

A GENTLEMAN FROM IDAHO.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE. — *Empire City. A deserted mining-town. A row of dilapidated shanties in perspective at back. A two-story shanty L. set cornering from L. to C. of stage, at back. Wood wings R. Mountains at back, with sun about an hour high. Sun to set during scene, and the sky to glow after the sun is down. Broken shovels lying about with other discarded and ruined property. Grass growing up around the deserted shanties.*

JACK (*speaking outside, R.*). What do you think, chief?

CAPT. LADDS. Push on. (*Enter, R. I E., RONALD DUNQUERQUE (JACK) and CAPT. LADDS.*)

JACK. If you were not so intolerably conceited about the value of your words, — hang it, man, you are not the Poet-Laureate! — you might give your reasons why we should not camp where we are. The sun will be down in an hour; the way is long, the wind is cold, or will be soon. *This* pilgrim has tightened his belt to stave off the gnawing at his stomach. Here is running water, here is wood, here is shelter, here is everything calculated to charm the poetic mind even of Captain Ladds —

LADDS (*pointing L.*). Road! Roads lead to places; places have beds; beds are warmer than grass; no rattlesnakes in beds; miners in hotels — amusing fellows, miners. Deserted here. Too much ventilation.

JACK. If ever I go out again after buffaloes, or bears, or mountain deer, or any other game whatever, which this great continent offers, with a monosyllabic man, may I be condemned to another two months of buffalo-steak without Worcester sauce, such as I have had already; may I be poisoned with bad Bourbon whiskey; may I never again see the sweet shady side of Pall Mall; may I — (*Looking suddenly R. U. E.*) be blowed, what's that?

LADDS (*after a moment's pause*). Man.

JACK. What's he running for?

LADDS. Think likely he's in a hurry.

JACK. Hello, there's a Grizzly after him.

LADDS. Right. A procession of two.

JACK (*bringing his rifle up*). I'll soon settle him.

LADDS (*knocking up the rifle*). Man in line. Wait. That bear means claws.

JACK. Tommy, I can cover him now.

LADDS. Wait, Jack. Dont miss. Give Grizzly two minutes more. God! how the fellow scuds.

JACK. See how Grizzly holds his great head down and wags it from side to side. Now, Tommy.

LADDS. Give Grizzly two minutes.

JACK. Only fifty yards; the man looks over his shoulder; forty yards.

LADDS. Getting pumped. Mustn't let Grizzly claw the poor devil.

JACK. Let me bring him down, Tommy?

LADDS. Bring him down, young un. Let him have it. (JACK fires. Bear roars. BECK, outside, shrieks.) Good, young un. He's down. Up again. Only wounded. Wait. (*Brings rifle suddenly to shoulder and fires. BECK rushes on stage from R. 3 E., and falls, exhausted, C. The bear falls dead just on at the entrance.*) Grizzly's dead. (*Drops rifle, and pulls out knife*) Steak.

JACK. No. Skin. Let me take his skin. You can cut some steaks after. Now for the man. (*Goes to BECK.*) Now, old man. Might as well sit up, you know, if you can't stand. Bruin's gone to the happy hunting-grounds.

BECK. (*Gradually recovers, and allows them to assist him to his feet. He has a thin, patchy, irregular beard. Moccasins. Trousers all worn, and greasy, and ragged. Tattered flannel shirt; right arm of shirt nearly gone, showing a tattooed limb. No buttons on garment. Thorns instead. Red cotton handkerchief around his neck, and soft round felt hat, pinned up in front with a thorn. Small wooden box around neck, fastened by a steel chain. No weapons. He stares around; stretches; shakes himself, and looks around, seeing the bear. Then goes to him, and, after looking at him a moment, pats his head, and remarks:*) I sympathize with you, Grizzly, for your bad run of luck. (*To JACK and LADDS.*) A' near thing. Since I've been in this doggoned country, I've had one or two near things, but this was the nearest.

JACK. Rather close.

BECK. And which of you gentlemen was good enough to shoot the critter? (LADDS indicates JACK. BECK takes off his hat, and extends hand.) Sir, I don't know your name, and you don't know mine. If you did, you wouldn't be much happier, because it is not a striking name. If you'll oblige me, sir, by touching that (*indicating hand*), we shall be brothers. All that's mine shall be yours. I do not ask you, sir, to reciprocate. All that's mine, sir, when I get anything, shall be yours. At present, sir, there is nothing; but I've luck behind me. Shake hands, sir. Once a mouse helped a lion, sir. It's in a book. I am the mouse, sir, and you are the lion. Sir, my name is Gilead P. Beck.

JACK. I only fired the first shot. My friend here —

LADDS. No. Won't have it. First shot disabled — hunt finished then — Grizzly out of the running. Glad you're not clawed — unpleasant to be clawed. Young un did it. No thanks. Tell us where we are?

BECK. This was Patrick's Camp, since called Empire City. The pioneers of '49 could tell you a good deal about Patrick's Camp. It was here that Patrick kept his store. In those old days, — they're gone now, — if a man wanted to buy a blanket, that article, sir, was put into one scale and weighed down with gold-dust in the other. Same with a pair of boots; same with a pound of raisins. Patrick might have died rich, sir, but he didn't, — none of the pioneers did, — so he died poor; and died in his boots, too, — like most of the lot.

JACK. Not much left of the camp.

BECK. No, sir, not much. The mine gave out. Then they moved up the hills, where I conclude you gentlemen are on your way. Prospecting, likely. I was trying to find my way here when I met with old Grizzly. Perhaps if I'd let him alone, he'd have let me alone. But I blazed at him, and, sir, I missed him; then he shadowed me, and the old rifle's gone at last.

JACK. How long did the chase last?

BECK. I should say, sir, forty days and forty nights, or near about. And you gentlemen are going —

JACK. We are going anywhere. Perhaps, for the present, you had better join us.

BECK. Perhaps I better had. I ought first, though, to sit down and cry like a girl on the prairie.

JACK. Why ought you to cry?

BECK. I guess I ought to cry because I've lost my rifle, and everything except my Luck, in that darned long stern-chase.

JACK. You can easily get a new rifle.

BECK. With dollars. As for them, there's not a dollar left — nary a red cent ; only my Luck.

JACK. And what is your Luck ?

BECK. That I will tell you by and by. Perhaps it's your Luck, too, young boss.

LADDS. What do you know about this place ?

BECK. Empire City ?

LADDS. I see a city — can't see the people.

BECK. All gone. City's busted up. When I first sot eyes on Empire City, two years ago, it was just two years old. It is only in our country that a great city springs up in a day. I said to myself then, sir, Empire City is bound to advance ; Empire City will be the Chicago of the West. Five years ago there was ten thousand miners here ; now there isn't one ; nothing but a Chinaman or two.

JACK. How do you know there are Chinamen ?

BECK. See those stones ? (*Pointing L.*)

JACK. Yes.

BECK. The miners picked the bones of those rocks, but they never pick quite clean. Then the Chinamen come and finish off. Gentlemen, it's a special Providence that you picked me up. I don't altogether admire the way in which that special Providence was played up to, in the matter of the bar ; but a Christian, without a revolver, alone among twenty Chinamen — (*Shrugs his shoulders significantly*) gentlemen, they'd have got my Luck.

JACK (*to LADDS*). Chief, I don't like it. It's ghostly. It's a town of dead men. As soon as it is dark, the ghosts will rise and walk about — play billiards, I expect. What shall we do ?

LADDS. Late. Hotel. Sleep on floor — sit on chairs — eat off a table.

BECK. I'll reconnoitre. (*Goes into hotel, L. 4.*)

JACK (*to LADDS*). What do you make of him ?

LADDS. Yankee. Honest. Good fellow. Trust him.

JACK. Good. I'm glad you like him, for I have taken to him immensely.

LADDS. Acquisition. Help against Chinamen. Sh! (*Re-enter BECK.*) Well ?

BECK. Wal, sir, the bar is left standing ; the glasses are there ; bright-colored bottles ; two or three Pourbon whiskey kegs ; counter ; dice on the counter ; everything there except the drink. Everything gone but the fixins. There used to be good beds where there wasn't more'n two or three at once in 'em ; and there used to be such a crowd around this bar as you wouldn't find near'n St. Louis city.

JACK. Hush. There are steps inside the hotel.

BECK. Chinamen, likely. If there's a row, gentlemen, give me something, if it's only a toothpick, to chime in with. But that's not a Chinese step; that's an Englishman. He wears boots, but they're not miner's boots; he walks fine and slow, like all Englishmen; he is not in a hurry like our folk. And who but an Englishman would be found staying behind in the Empire City when it's gone to pot!

JACK. Who, indeed! Most unhandsome of a ghost, though, to walk before midnight. (LAURENCE COLQUHOUN *enters from hotel*, L. 4.)

BECK. Told you he was an Englishman.

LAU. (*Light thin boots. Flannel shirt with red silk belt. Blanket thrown back from his shoulders. Broad felt hat.*) Englishmen, I see.

LADDS. Yes.

LAU. You have probably lost your way?

LADDS. Been hunting. Working round—San Francisco. Followed track; accident; got here. Your hotel perhaps? Fine situation, but lonely.

JACK. Not a ghost, then.

LAU. I may be able to make you comfortable for the night. You see my den. I came here a year or so ago—by accident, like yourselves. I found the place deserted. I liked the solitude, the scenery, whatever you like, and I stayed here. You are the only visitors I have had for a year.

BECK. Chinamen?

LAU. Well, Chinamen, of course. But only two of them. They take turns at forty dollars a month to cook my dinners. And there is a half caste who does not mind running down to Sacramento when I want anything. And so you see I make out pretty well. (*Puts whistle to lips and blows.*) You shall see. (LEE CHING *appears from hotel coming down L. C.*) Dinner as soon as you can.

LEE CHING. Ayah! Can do. What time you wantchee?

LAU. As soon as you can. Half an hour.

LEE CHING. Can do. My no have got cully-powder. Have makee finish. Have got.

LAU. Look for some; make Achow help.

LEE CHING. How can? No b'long his pidgin. He no helpee. B'long my pidgin, makee cook chow chow. Ayah! Achow have go makee cheat over Melican man. Makee play cards all sime, euchre. (*Exit into hotel.*)

LADDS. Beg pardon. Should have seen. Made remark about hotel. Apologize.

JACK. He means that he was a terrible great fool not to

see that you are a gentleman. (LADDS *nods*.) Let me introduce our party. This is our esteemed friend Mr. Gilead P. Beck, whom we caught in a bear-hunt —

BECK. B'ar behind.

JACK. This is Capt. Ladds of the 35th Dragoons.

LADDS. Ladds. Nibs, cocoa-nibs, — pure aroma — best breakfast digester — blessing to mothers — perfect fragrance.

JACK. His name is Ladds, and he wishes to communicate to you the fact that he is the son of the man who made an immense fortune — immense, Tommy?

LADDS. Immense.

JACK. By a crafty compound known as “Ladds’ Patent Anti-dyspeptic Cocoa.” My name is Ronald Dunquerque. People generally call me Jack. I don’t know why, but they do.

(LEE CHING and ACHOW enter, bringing a rough table, which they place C. Then hurry back and bring dishes, etc.)

LAU. (*shaking hands with LADDS*). One of ours. My name is Laurence Colquhoun. I sold out before you joined. I came here, as you see. And now, gentlemen, I think I hear the first sounds of dinner. Lee Ching, bring the champagne from behind the curtain. Achow, claret. (*They go off after these, and instantly return with them.*) I think they have laid such a table as the wilderness can boast. Not altogether what a man might order at the Junior United, but it will do. Here is venison, curry, mountain quail, and there is claret, and champagne, both good, especially the claret. Last, but not least, there is coffee. Now, gentlemen, to your places. No ceremony. (*They sit. LAURENCE at the head.*

BECK L. LADDS *next to LAURENCE, R., and JACK nearest the audience, R.*) Help yourselves.

BECK. Sir, we will.

LAU. Claret?

JACK. If you please.

LAU. And you? (*To BECK.*)

BECK. Don’t care if I do, seein’ it’s you.

LAU. And you? (*To LADDS.*)

LADDS. Yes, sir.

LAU. Here’s a health to merrie England.

BECK. And death to b’ars. (*All rise and drink.*)

LAU. Four years since I left England.

JACK. But you will come back to it again?

LAU. I think not.

JACK. Better. Much better. Robinson Crusoe always wanted to get home again. So did Selkirk. So did Philip Quarles.

LAU. Not so Laurence Colquhoun.

BECK (*taking box from neck and placing it on table*). Let me tell you, gentlemen, the story of my Luck. I was in Sonora City, after the worst three months I ever had; and I went around trying to borrow a few dollars. I got not dollars, but I got free drinks — so many free drinks that at last I lay down in the street and went to sleep. Wal, gentlemen, I suppose I walked in that slumber of mine, for when I woke up, I was lying a mile outside the town. I also entertained angels unawares, for at my head there sat an Indian woman. She was as wrinkled an old squaw as ever shrieked at a buryin'. But she took an interest in me. She took that amount of interest in me that she told me that she knew of gold. And then she led me by the hand, gentlemen, that aged and affectionate old squaw, to a place not far from the roadside; and there, lying between two rocks, and hidden in the chapparel, glittering in the light, was this bruble. (*Tapping the box*.) I didn't want to be told to take it. I wrapped it in my handkerchief, and carried it in my hand. Then she led me back to the road again. "Bad luck you will have," she said, "but it will lead to good luck, so long as that is not broken, sold, given away, or lost." Then she left me, and here it is. Bad luck I *have* had. Look at me, gentlemen. Adam was not more destitute when the garden gates were shut on him. But the good will come somehow. (*Opens box, and removes the butterfly*.)

JACK. A golden butterfly.

BECK. A golden butterfly. No goldsmith made this butterfly. It came from nature's workshop. It is my Luck.

JACK. And if the butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead Beck.

BECK. Thank you, sir. That's very neat. I'll take that, sir, if you will allow me, for my motto, unless you want it for yourself.

JACK. No, I have one already.

BECK. "If this golden butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead P. Beck."

If you are going on, gentlemen, to San Francisco, I hope you will take me with you.

JACK. With pleasure.

BECK. Thank you. Do any of you happen to have a bit of paper about you?

LADDS. Here's a bit of newspaper.

BECK. Good. Just the thing. (*Taking piece of paper*.) No good, is it? (*Looking it over*.)

LADDS. Not the least. Colquhoun, you do not mean to

stay on here by yourself? Much better come with us, unless —

LAU. No, I shall remain.

BECK. Hullo, Victoria's married again.

JACK. Not the Queen?

BECK. I don't know, it's *a* Victoria.

LAU. Victoria?

BECK (*reading from paper*). "On April 3d, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Turk's Island, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Gabriel Cassilis, of etc., to Victoria, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Benbow Pengelly, K. C. B."

LAU. Let me see that, please. (*Takes paper.*) I think I *will* go with you.

JACK. Hear, hear! Selkirk returns to the sound of the church-going bell.

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Parlor of GABRIEL CASSILIS, Hanover Square. Piano, R. Ottoman, C. Sofa, L. Chairs, etc. GABRIEL CASSILIS, R. HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS JAGENAL on sofa, L. PHILLIS FLEMING and MRS. CASSILIS on ottoman, C. JACK DUNQUERQUE, R., standing leaning on piano. All discovered.*

MR. CASSILIS. Then you do not like Böllinger, Miss Fleming?

PHILLIS. It is a little too dry for me.

MR. C. You lived a very quiet life with your guardian at Highgate?

PHIL. Yes, very quiet. Only two or three gentlemen ever came to the house, and I never went out.

CORNELIUS. A fair prisoner, indeed. Danaë in her tower waiting for the shower of gold.

PHIL. Danaë must have wished when she was put in the box and sent to sea that the shower of gold had never come.

HUMPHREY. At least, you went out to see the Academy, and the water-colors?

PHIL. I have never seen a picture-gallery at all. I have not once been outside Mr. Dyson's grounds until a week ago, since I was six years old.

COR. You found your pleasure in reading divine poetry, perhaps in writing poetry yourself?

PHIL. Oh, dear, no. I have not yet learned to read. Mr. Dyson said that ladies ought not to learn reading till they are of an age when acquiring that mischievous art cannot hurt themselves or their fellow-creatures.

MR. C. You were taught other things, however?

PHIL. Yes, I learned to play. My master came twice a week, and I can play pretty well; I play either by ear or by memory. You see I never forget anything that I am told.

MRS. CASSILIS. Can it be, Miss Fleming, that you never went outside of the house at all?

PHIL. Oh, no. I could ride in the paddock. It was a good large field, and my pony was clever at jumping, so I got on pretty well.

JACK. Would it be too much to ask you how you — how you got through the day?

PHIL. Not at all. It was very easy. I had a ride before breakfast; gave Mr. Dyson his tea at ten; talked with him till twelve; we always talked subjects, you know, and had a regular course. When we had done talking he asked me questions. Then I probably had another ride before luncheon. In the afternoon I played, looked after my dress, and drew.

HUMPH. You are, then, an artist! Cornelius, I saw from the first that Miss Fleming had the eye of an artist.

PHIL. I do not know about that. I can draw people. I will show you some of my sketches to-morrow. They are all heads and figures. I shall draw all of you to-night before going to bed.

JACK. And in the evening?

PHIL. Mr. Dyson dined at seven. Sometimes he had one or two gentlemen to dine with him; never any lady. When there was no one we talked subjects again.

MR. C. Gentlemen, shall we try a cigar on the veranda? The ladies will excuse us, I dare say?

MRS. C. Certainly. (*The gentlemen go on to veranda at back. MRS. CASSILIS goes R. to piano.*)

COR. (*as he is going, approaches PHILLIS confidentially*). You are watching my brother Humphrey. Study him, Miss Fleming; it will repay you well to know that child-like and simple nature, innocent of the world, and aglow with the flame of genius. (*Goes up C.*)

PHIL. I think I can draw him, now.

HUMPH. (*coming to PHILLIS in like manner*). I see your eyes turned upon my brother Cornelius. He is a great, a noble fellow, Miss Fleming. Cultivate him, talk to him, learn from him. You will be very glad some day to be able to boast that you have met my brother Cornelius; to know him is a privilege; to converse with him, an education. (*Goes up C.*)

MRS. C. (*returning to PHILLIS*). We used to think, until Mr. Dyson died and his preposterous will was read, that his eccentric behavior was partly your fault. But when we found that he had left you nothing, of course we felt that we had done you an involuntary wrong.

PHIL. I had plenty of money; why should poor Mr. Dyson want to leave me any more?

MRS. C. Forty thousand pounds a year ! and all going to female education. Not respectable female education, either.

PHIL. Am I not respectable ?

MRS. C. My dear child, you cannot even read and write.

PHIL. That is quite true.

MRS. C. But everybody learns to read and write. All the Sunday-school children, even, know how to read and write.

PHIL. Perhaps that is a misfortune for the Sunday-school children. It would very likely be better for the Sunday-school children were they taught more useful things.

MRS. C. Miss Fleming, I am ten years older than you, and if you will only trust me, I will give you such advice and assistance as I can.

PHIL. You are very kind. If you will only tell me of my deficiencies, I will try to repair them.

MRS. C. Then let us consider. Of course you are quite ignorant of things that people talk about. Books are out of the question. Music and concerts ; art and pictures ; china — perhaps Mr. Dyson collected ?

PHIL. No.

MRS. C. A pity. China would be a great help. The opera and theatres ; balls and dancing. Perhaps you can fall back upon church matters. Are you a Ritualist ?

PHIL. What is that ?

MRS. C. My dear girl, did you actually never go to church ?

PHIL. No. Mr. Dyson used to read prayers every day. Why should people go to church, when they pray ?

MRS. C. Why ? Why ? Because people in society all go ; because you must set an example to the lower orders. Dear me, it is very shocking, and girls are all expected to take such an interest in religion. You *can* draw ?

PHIL. I draw a little. Not so well, of course, as girls brought up respectably.

MRS. C. Pardon me, my dear Miss Fleming, if I say that sarcasm is not considered good style.

PHIL. I don't understand. I say what I think, and you tell me I am sarcastic.

MRS. C. Girls in society never say what they think.

PHIL. I looked at the girls yesterday as we drove through the streets. Some of them were walking like this. (*Rises and imitates.*) Then there were others who walked like this. (*Imitates.*) Then there were boys. I never dreamed of such a lot of boys. And they were all whistling. This was the tune. (*Whistles.*)

MRS. C. (*rising*). My dear, *dear*, DEAR girl, you *must* not whistle.

PHIL. Is it wrong to whistle?

MRS. C. Not morally wrong, I suppose, but it is far worse, Phillis, far worse — it is unspeakably vulgar.

PHIL. Oh, I am so sorry.

MRS. C. You have an excellent figure, a very pretty and attractive face, winning eyes, and a taste in dress which only wants cultivation, and that we will begin to-morrow at Melton and Mowbray's.

PHIL. Oh, yes, that will be delightful. I have never seen a shop yet. (*Goes up to JACK, C.*)

MRS. C. (*in amazement*). She — has — never — seen — a — shop. That a girl of nineteen should be able to say she has never seen a shop! (*Goes up C., and joins MR. CASSILIS and others. CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY come down L.*)

HUMPH. Cornelius, she has fifty thousand pounds.

COR. She has, brother Humphrey.

HUMPH. It's a pity, Cornelius, that we, who have only two hundred pounds a year each, are already fifty years of age.

COR. Humphrey, what age do we feel?

HUMPH. Thirty — not a month more. (*Striking at the air with both fists.*)

COR. Right. Not an hour above thirty. (*Striking chest, which causes him to cough.*) Something definite should be attempted, Humphrey.

HUMPH. You mean, brother —

COR. I mean, Humphrey —

HUMPH. With regard to —

COR. With regard to Phillis Fleming.

HUMPH. She is, she is indeed a charming girl. Her outline is finely but firmly drawn; her coloring delicate, but strongly accentuated; the grouping to which she lends herself always differentiated artistically; her single attitudes designed naturally and with freedom; her flesh tints remarkably pure and sweet; her draperies falling in artistic folds; her atmosphere softened as by the perfumed mists of morning; her hair tied in the simple knot which is the admiration and despair of many painters; — you agree with my rendering, brother Cornelius, my rendering of this incomparable work?

COR. She is all that you say, Humphrey. From your standpoint nothing could be better. I judge her, however, from my own platform. I look on her as one of nature's sweetest poems; such a poem as defies the highest effort

of the greatest creative genius ; where the cadenced lines are sunlit, and, as they ripple on, make music in your soul. You are rapt with their beauty ; you are saddened with the unapproachable magic of her charm ; you feel the deepest emotions of the heart awakened, and beating in responsive harmony. And when, after long and patient watching, the searcher after the truth of beauty feels each verse sink deeper and deeper within him, till it becomes a part of his own nature, there arises before him, clad in mystic and transparent Coan robe, the spirit of subtle wisdom, long lying *perdu* in those magic utterances. She is a lyric ; she is a sonnet ; she is an epigram —

HUMPH. At least, she doesn't carry a sting.

COR. Then let us say an idyl. But let us see what had better be done.

HUMPH. We must act at once, Cornelius.

COR. We understand each other, Humphrey. We always do. (*Winking knowingly.*)

HUMPH. We must make our own opportunity. Not together, but separately.

COR. Surely separately. Together would never do.

HUMPH. Have you—did you—can you give me any of your own experiences in this way, Cornelius ?

COR. I may have been wooed. Men of genius are always run after. But as I am a bachelor, you see, it is clear that I never proposed.

HUMPH. When I was in Rome —

COR. When I was in Heidelberg —

HUMPH. There was a model—a young artist's model—

COR. There was a little country girl —

HUMPH. With the darkest eyes, and hair of a deep blue black, the kind of color one seems only to read of, or to see in a picture.

COR. With blue eyes, as limpid as the waters of the Neckar, and light brown hair, which caught the sunshine in a way that one seldom seems to see, but which we poets sometimes sing of.

HUMPH. Cornelius, I think that Phillis would not like these reminiscences. We must offer virgin hearts.

COR. True, brother, we must.

HUMPH. Yet the recollection is not unpleasant. (*Sighs.*)

COR. We are not nervous, brother ?

HUMPH. Not at all, not at all. Still, to steady the system, perhaps —

COR. Yes, you are quite right, brother. We will. (*They both drink, taking wine from decanter on side table.*)

HUMPH. What we need, Cornelius, what we need; not what we wish for. (*Fixes his tie, etc., in a nervous manner.*) I will tell her you wish to speak with her. (*Starts.*)

COR. Wait a moment. My heart beats so. Slower, slower. Now, brother, I think I am prepared. (*HUMPHREY goes up and speaks aside to PHILLIS, who motions towards CORNELIUS down L. HUMPHREY nods. PHILLIS comes down R.*)

PHIL. You wished to say — Mr. Cornelius?

COR. Yes. Will you sit down, Miss Fleming?

PHIL. (*aside*). He is going to tell me about the "Upheaving of Alfred." (*To him.*) And how does the workshop get on?

COR. Fairly well. My brother Humphrey — a noble creature is Humphrey, Miss Fleming —

PHIL. Is he still hard at work?

COR. His work is crushing him, Miss Fleming, — may I call you Phillis?

PHIL. Of course you may, Mr. Cornelius. We are quite old friends. But I am sorry to hear your brother is being crushed.

COR. To-day, Phillis, — I feel to you already like a brother, — to-day I discovered the secret of Humphrey's life. May I tell it you?

PHIL. If you please.

COR. I will tell you the secret in a few words. My brother Humphrey adores you with all the simplicity and strength of a noble artistic nature.

PHIL. Does he? You mean he likes me very much. How good he is. I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Cornelius, though why it need be a secret I do not know.

COR. Then my poor brother, — he is all loyalty and brings you a virgin heart, an unsullied name, and the bright prospects of requited genius. My brother may hope?

PHIL. Certainly. I should like to see him hoping.

COR. I will tell him, sister Phillis. You have made two men happy, and one at least grateful. (*Goes up and whispers to HUMPHREY.*)

PHIL. That man has been nearly twenty years engaged in writing the greatest poem the world ever saw, and not a line of it is yet written. (*Looking around.*) Here comes the other, who has been occupied the same length of time on a painting, and to this day the brush has not touched the canvas. (*HUMPHREY comes down beside PHILLIS.*) He is going to tell me that Cornelius adores me. (*Aside.*)

HUMPH. You are peaceful and happy here, Miss Fleming, — may I call you Phillis?

PHIL. Certainly, Mr. Humphrey. We are old friends, you know. And I am very happy here.

HUMPH. I am glad ; I am very glad indeed to hear it.

PHIL. Are you not happy, Mr. Humphrey? Why do you look so gloomy? And how is the great picture getting on?

HUMPH. "The Birth of the Renaissance" is advancing rapidly. It will occupy a canvas fourteen feet long by six high.

PHIL. If you have got the canvas, and the frame, all you want now is the picture.

HUMPH. True as you say — the picture. It is all that I want. And that is striding — literally striding. I am happy, dear Miss Fleming, dear Phillis, since I may call you by your pretty Christian name. It is of my brother that I think. It is on his account that I feel unhappy.

PHIL. What is the matter with him?

HUMPH. He is a great, a noble fellow. His life is made up of sacrifices, and devoted to hard work. No one works so conscientiously as Cornelius. Yet he is not happy. There is a secret sorrow in his life.

PHIL. Oh, dear, do let me know it, and at once. Was there ever such a pair of devoted brothers?

HUMPH. A secret which no one has guessed but myself.

PHIL. I know what it is. (*Laughing*)

HUMPH. Has he told you, Phillis? The secret of his life is that my brother Cornelius is attached to you with all the devotion of his grand poetic soul.

PHIL. Why, that is what I thought you were going to say.

HUMPH. You knew it. And you feel the response of a passionate nature. He shall be your Petrarch. You shall read his very soul. But Cornelius brings you a virgin heart, a virgin heart, Phillis. May he hope that —

PHIL. Certainly he may hope, and so may you. And now we have had quite enough of devotion, and secrets, and great poetic souls. (*Rises*) May I rejoin Mrs. Cassilis?

HUMPH. Certainly. (*PHILLIS goes up, and CORNELIUS comes down to HUMPHREY.*) Cornelius.

COR. Humphrey.

HUMPH. Shall we drink the health and happiness of Phillis?

COR. We will, Humphrey. (*They drink.*) She knows that she has found a virgin heart.

HUMPH. She does. Oh, Cornelius, and the little Gretchen and the milk-pails. Byronic rover!

COR. Ah, Humphrey, shall I tell her of the *contadina*, the black-eyed model, and the old wild days in Rome, eh?

Don Giovanni ! (*They chuck'e and punch each other's ribs, and go up L., and stroll off over the veranda and off L. The remainder of the part come down.*)

MRS. C. Will you tell us, Mr. Dunquerque, if the story of the bear-hunt is a true one, or did you make it up?

JACK. We made up nothing. The story is perfectly true. And the man's name was Beck.

MR. C. Curious. An American, named Beck, Gilead P. Beck, is in London now, and has been recommended to me. He is extremely rich. I think, my dear, that you invited him to dinner to-day?

MRS. C. Yes. He found he could not come, at the last moment. He will be here during the evening.

JACK. Then you will see the man, unless there is more than one Gilead P. Beck, which is hardly likely.

MR. C. This man has practically an unlimited credit.

MRS. C. And is that other story true, that you found an English traveller living all alone in a deserted city?

JACK. Quite true.

MRS. C. Really! And who was it? Anybody one has met?

JACK. I do not know whether you have ever met him. His name is Laurence Colquhoun.

MRS. C. (*starts suddenly at the name, but gradually recovers herself*). Colquhoun! (*to MR. CASSILIS.*) My dear, it is an old friend of mine of whom we are speaking, Mr. Laurence Colquhoun.

PHIL. He is my guardian, now that Mr. Dyson is dead.

(GILEAD BECK'S voice outside. "*All right, James.*" *He enters, L. 3*)

MR. C. Here is Mr Beck now.

BECK (*meeting JACK. C., and shaking him heartily by the hand*). You have not forgotten me? You still think of that Grizzly?

JACK. Of course I do. I shall never forget him.

BECK. Nor shall I, sir; never. Ladies, it is owing to Mr. Dunquerque that Gilead P. Beck has the pleasure of being in this drawing-room. Rubbed out I should have been, on that green and grassy spot, but for the crack of Mr. Dunquerque's rifle.

JACK. It was a most charming and picturesque spot in which to be rubbed out.

BECK. There air moments when the soul is dead to poetry. One of these moments is when you feel the breath of a grizzly on your cheek.

PHIL. Did he save your life?

BECK. Young lady, he did.

JACK. And how is the golden butterfly?

BECK. That insect, sir, is a special instrument working under Providence for my welfare. He slumbers at my hotel, the Langham, in a fire-proof safe.

MR. C. And how do you like our country?

BECK. Well, sir, a dollar goes a long way in this country, especially in cigars and drinks. The English air the most kind-hearted people in the hull world. We air charitable, and I believe the Germans, when they air not officers in their own army, air a well disposed folk. But in America, when a man tumbles down the ladder, he falls hard. Here there's every contrivance for makin' him fall soft. A man don't feel handsome when he's on the broad of his back, but it must be a comfort for him to feel that his backbone isn't broke. I have a letter for you from one of our most prominent bankers. (*Hands letter.*) There's the identical document.

MR. C. I observe that you have unlimited credit. That is hardly what we would give to a Rothschild.

BECK. It is my Luck.

MR. C. Our New York friend tells me also, Mr. Beck, that you would find it difficult to spend your income.

BECK. It is my Luck. We'll come to figures, sir, and you shall judge as my friendly adviser. My bankers say I have about £1500 a day coming to me.

MR. C. Do you mean, Mr. Beck, do you actually mean that you are drawing a profit, a clear profit, of more than £1500 a day?

BECK. That is about the size of it, sir, — that is the lowest figure.

MR. C. What an income! Nothing to squander it on. No duties, and no responsibilities. You are unmarried, I believe?

BECK. You can bet your best boots on that little circumstance at any time, and be in no danger of losing 'em.

MR. C. And a yearly income of five hundred thousand pounds. Let me — allow me to shake hands with you again. I had no idea I was entertaining a man of such enormous power. Presently you might undertake a loan with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Italy, or Egypt.

BECK. Wal, sir, I am not ambitious, and I leave Providence to manage the nations her own way. I might meddle and muss till I busted up the whole concern; play, after all, into the hands of the devil, and have the people praying to get back to their old original Providence. You see it's

thirty-three years ago since I began travelling about, twelve years old — the youngest of the lot.

JACK. What did you do first?

BECK. Ran messages; swept out stores; picked up trades; went handy boy to a railway engineer. Kept a village school at a dollar a day. Boys *and* gells. Boys themselves air bad; but boys and gells mixed, they air — well, it's a curious and interestin' thing that, ever since that time, when I see gells swoopin' round with their eyes as soft as velvet and their sweet cheeks the color of peach, I say to myself, "I've seen you at school, and I know you better than you think." You believe, Mr. Dunquerque, that gells air soft. Air they? They're sweet to look at; but when you've tended school, you don't yearn after them so much.

MRS. C. You are rather severe, aren't you, Mr. Beck?

BECK. Not a bit. Now boys. There was one boy I liked. We had a fight regular every morning, at five minutes past nine. Any little thing set us off. He might heave a desk, or a row of books, or the slates of the whole class, at my head. It was uncertain how it began, but that fight was bound to be fought. The boys expected it, and it pleased the gells. I was fond of Pete, and he was fond of me. Ways like his, ladies and gentlemen, kinder creep around the heart of the lonely teacher. (*To Jack.*) Did I ever tell you my press experiences?

JACK. I think not.

BECK. Wal. I was in Chicago. Fifteen years ago. I wanted employment. Nobody wanted me. I called on Mr. John B. Van Cott, the editor of the morning paper. "Wal, sir," he said, "you look as if you knew enough to go indoors when it rains." Just then there was a knock at the door, and a fellow with a black-dyed mustache, a diamond pin in his shirt-front, and a great gold chain across his vest, entered. "Who runs this machine?" he inquired. "I am the editor," said Mr. Van Cott. "Then you are the rooster I'm after," and he went for Mr. Van Cott lively. If they had been evenly matched, I should have stood around to see fair. But it wasn't equal. So I hitched on to the stranger and pulled him off by main force. He met my advances half way. In ten minutes you couldn't tell him from me, nor me from him. The furniture moved around cheerfully, and there was a lovely racket. It lasted fifteen minutes. When it was over, he was bruised and bleeding. Tears stood in his eyes as he said: "Stranger, will you tell me where you hail from?" "Air you satisfied with the editorial management of this paper?" said I. "I am, you bet; good morning," said he, and left.

MR. C. Is this horrible method of interfering with editors common in America?

BECK. In spots. I hit one of those spots.

JACK. Did the gentleman engage you?

BECK. He did, permanently. It seems it was the dull season of the year, and I hadn't more than three such occurrences a week 'till the fall elections came on, and then I had to hiper.

JACK. Why don't you start a new daily?

BECK. I have been already thinking of it, Mr. Dunquerque. I shall teach some of your reviews good manners.

JACK. But we pride ourselves on the tone of our reviews.

BECK. Perhaps you do, sir. I have remarked that Englishmen pride themselves on a good many things. See; Mr. Dunquerque, last week I read one of your high-toned reviews. There was an article in it on a novel. The novel was a young lady's novel. When I was editing the *Clearville Roarer*, I couldn't have laid it on in finer style for the rough back of a ward politician.

JACK. People like it. I suppose.

BECK. I dare say they do, sir. They used to like to see a woman flogged at the cart-tail. I am not much of a company man, Mr. Dunquerque; but I believe that when a young lady sings a song in a drawing-room, if that young lady sings out of tune, it is not considered good manners to get up and say so; and it isn't thought polite to snigger and grin. And in my country, if a man was to invite the company to make game of that young lady, he would, perhaps, be requested to take a header through the window. Let things alone, and presently that young lady discovers that she is not likely to get cracked up as a vocalist. I shall conduct my paper on the same polite principles. If a man thinks he can sing, and can't sing, let him be for a bit. Perhaps he will find out his mistake. If he doesn't, tell him gently, and if that won't do, get your liveliest writer to lay it on once for all. But to go sneakin' and pryin' around, pickin' out the poor trash, and cuttin' it up to make the people grin—it's mean, Mr. Dunquerque, it's mean. The cart-tail and the cat-o'-nine was no worse than this exhibition.

MRS. C. Quite an eventful life you have had, Mr. Beck. (*Rises.*) Now, as the evening is delightful, shall we take a little stroll in the garden. We shall be delighted to listen to more of your reminiscences, Mr. Beck.

BECK. Thank you, ma'am, most happy. (*Offers arm, which she accepts.*)

MRS. C. Mr. Cassilis, will you come, and Mr. Dunquerque, will you bring Phillis?

BECK (*as they are going out*). I might relate a circumstance connected with my editing the *Clearville Roarer*. (*Exeunt BECK, MR. and MRS. CASSILIS C to L*)

PHIL. I want my wrap. Mr. Dunquerque, will you be so kind as to hand it to me from a chair in the next room?

JACK. Certainly. (*Exit R. 3, and immediately re-enters with wrap.*)

PHIL. (*taking wrap*). How beautiful it must be to meet a man whose life you have saved. I should like — once — just once — to do a single great action, and dream of it ever after.

JACK. But mine was not a great action. I shot a bear which was following Mr. Beck and meant mischief; that is all.

PHIL. But you might have missed, and then Mr. Beck would have been killed.

JACK. Most true, Miss Fleming

PHIL. It seems so strange to be called Miss Fleming. Everybody used to call me Phillis.

JACK. Everybody calls me Jack.

PHIL. Jack! What a pretty name Jack is! May I call you Jack?

JACK. If you only would.

PHIL. I shall always call you Jack, then.

JACK. And what am I to call you?

PHIL. My name is Phillis, you know.

JACK. Phillis is a very sweet name. But it would be prettier to call you Phil.

PHIL. Phil. Phil. That is very pretty. No one ever called me Phil before.

JACK. And we will be great friends, shall we not?

PHIL. Yes, great friends.

JACK. Let us shake hands over our promise. (*Enter MRS. CASSILIS C. from L.*) We must join the others. Why, here is Mrs. Cassilis!

MRS. C. Why did you not join us? I came to look for you, and to procure a wrap. Mr. Beck is relating some very amusing incidents.

PHIL. Oh, Jack, — I mean Mr. Dunquerque, let's go.

JACK. By all means. (*Exeunt C. to L*)

MRS. C. (*down R., taking wrap off chair, and putting it on*). Jack! The first step. (*As she goes towards C. she encounters LAURENCE COLQUHOUN, who enters L. 3*)

LAU. I am here.

MRS. C. Laurence.

LAU. My name is Colquhoun, Mrs. Cassilis.

MRS. C. My name, Laurence, is Victoria. Have you forgotten that?

LAU. I have forgotten everything, Mrs. Cassilis. It is best to forget everything.

MRS. C. But if you cannot! Oh, Laurence, if you cannot.

LAU. This is mere foolishness, Mrs. Cassilis. As a stranger, a perfect stranger, may I ask why you call me by my Christian name, and why these tears?

MRS. C. Strangers! it is ridiculous. It is ridiculous, when all the world knows that we were once friends, and half the world thought that we were going to be something — nearer.

LAU. Nearer — and dearer, Mrs. Cassilis? What a foolish world it was. Suppose we had become nearer, and therefore very much less dear.

MRS. C. Be kind to me, Laurence.

LAU. I will be whatever you like, Mrs. Cassilis, except what I was — provided you do not call me Laurence any more. In deference to your wishes I transported myself for four years. Then I saw the announcement of your marriage in the paper by accident. And I came here again, because of your own free will and accord you had given me my release. Is this true?

MRS. C. Yes.

LAU. Then, in the name of Heaven, why seek to revive the past. Believe me, I have forgotten the few days of madness and repentance. They are gone. Some ghosts of the past come to me, but they do not take the shape of Victoria Pengelley.

MRS. C. Suppose we cannot forget?

LAU. Then we *must* forget. Victoria, — Mrs. Cassilis, rouse yourself. Think of what you are, — what you have made yourself.

MRS. C. I do think. I think every day.

LAU. You have a husband and a child; you have your position in the world. Mrs. Cassilis, you have your honor.

MRS. C. My honor! What honor? And if all were known. Laurence, don't you ever pity me?

LAU. Heroics, Mrs. Cassilis. Are you not overdoing it? You almost make me remember a scene — call it a dream — which took place in a certain Glasgow hotel about four years and a half ago.

MRS. C. Let us not quarrel. It is foolish to quarrel, after four years and more of absence.

LAU. You told me you had something to say to me. What is it?

MRS. C. I wanted to say this: When we two parted, you used bitter words. You told me that I was heartless, cold, and bad-tempered. Those were the words you used.

LAU. By Gad I believe they were. We had a blazing row.

MRS. C. I might retaliate on you.

LAU. Come, Mrs. Cassilis, it is no use. I cannot help you. I would not if I could. Hang it! it would be too ridiculous for me to interfere. Think of the situation. Here we are, we three. I first, you in the middle, and Mr. Cassilis third. You and I know, and he does not suspect. On the stage, the man who does not suspect always looks a fool. Make yourself miserable if you like, and make me uncomfortable, but for Heaven's sake don't make us all ridiculous.

MRS. C. After that dreadful day I went back to the old life. Two years passed away. You were gone — never to return, as you said. Mr. Cassilis came.

LAU. Well?

MRS. C. Well, I was poor. I saw a chance for freedom. Mr. Cassilis offered me that, at least. And I accepted him.

LAU. Very well, Mrs. Cassilis, very well. If you are satisfied, of course no one has the right to say a word. After all, no one has any cause to fear except yourself. For me, I certainly shall hold my tongue. It would be so beautifully explained by Sergeant Smoothtongue. "Six years ago, gentlemen of the jury, a man, no longer in the bloom of early youth, was angled for and hooked by a lady who employed a kind of tackle comparatively rare in English society. She was a *femme incomprise*. She despised the little ways of women; she was full of infinite possibilities; she was going to lead the world, if only she could get the chance. And then, gentlemen of the jury, then —"

(Enter MR. CASSILIS C. from L., and comes down R. MRS. CASSILIS rises.)

MRS. C. (to MR. CASSILIS). My dear, let me introduce Mr. Colquhoun, a very old friend of mine.

MR. C. I am glad, Mr. Colquhoun, to know you. I have heard of you.

MRS. C. Pray sit down, Mr. Colquhoun, unless you will go on with your description. Mr. Colquhoun, who has just returned from America, my dear, was giving me a vivid account of some American trial scene which he witnessed.

LAU. (*aside*). Now which looks the fool?

BECK (*enters at back and recognizes LAURENCE*). The hermit of Empire City, by the living jingo!

(*LAURENCE L., unconcerned. MRS. CASSILIS C., perfectly calm. MR. CASSILIS R., quite satisfied. JACK, GILEAD BECK, and PHILLIS enter at back.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. — LAURENCE COLQUHOUN'S *apartments at the Albany. Table C., with reading-lamp upon it, with green shade. Fireplace L. Chairs about. Sofa R. LAURENCE seated in large chair before fire, smoking. GILEAD BECK C. JACK DUNQUERQUE stretched on sofa, smoking, R. Window C., with heavy drapery. Room fitted with dark walls, dark furniture and carpet, all in the Oriental style. Chandelier over table, lighted; also the reading-lamp. Doors R. 3 and L. 3.*

BECK. I call this kind, boys. I call this friendly. I asked myself last night. "Will those boys see me, or will they let the ragged Yankee slide?" And here I am. Now if you should be curious, gentlemen, to know my history since I left you in San Francisco. I will tell you from the beginning. You remember that insecck, the Golden Butterfly?

JACK. In the little box? I asked you after his welfare last week. By the way, before you begin, I ought to tell you that since we came home, we have written a book, Ladds and myself, about our travels.

BECK. Is that so?

JACK. And we have put you into it, with an account of Empire City.

BECK. Gentlemen, I shall buy that book. I shall take five hundred copies of that book. Just as I was, you say — no boots, but moccasins; not a dollar, nor a cent; running for bare life before a grizzly.

JACK. Thank you.

BECK. Well, I went off, after I left you, by the Pacific Railway, and I landed in New York. New York City is not the village I should recommend to a man without dollars in

his pocket. Fiji, p'r'aps, for one who has a yearning after bananas and black civilization. But not New York. No, gentlemen; if you go to New York, let it be when you've made your pile, and not before; then you can walk into Delmonico's as if the place belonged to you. I left that city, and made my way North, till I found myself in the city of Limerick on Lake Ontario. You do not know the city of Limerick, I dare say.

JACK. Haven't that pleasure.

BECK. Well I have, and it was the darnedest misbegotten location, built around a swamp, that ever called itself a city. There were a few deluded farmers trying to persuade themselves that things would look up, for they couldn't do much else, since they were flat on their back. You never saw such a helpless lot. I did not stay among them because I loved them, but because I saw things.

LAU. Ghosts?

BECK. Ghosts be blowed. No, sir. That was what they *thought* I saw when I went prowling around of an evening. They thought, too, that I was mad when I began to buy land. You could buy it for nothing; a dollar an acre; half a dollar an acre; anything an acre. I've mended a cartwheel for a five-acre lot of swamp. I saw that they were walking, — no, sleeping, — over fields of incalculable wealth, and they never suspected. They smoked their pipes, and ate their pork. Between whiles they praised the Lord for sending them a fool like me.

LAU. And what did you see when you looked about?

BECK. I saw, sir, a barren bog. The barrenest, boggiest part of it all was my claim. And to think that those mean pork-raisers saw it all the same as I did, and never suspected.

JACK. And you found what? Gold?

BECK. No, I found what I expected. And that was better than gold. Mind, I say nothing against gold. Gold has made many a pretty little fortune —

JACK. Little!

BECK. Little, sir. There's no big fortunes made out of gold. Diamonds again. One or two men like the name of diamonds, but not many. There's the disadvantage about gold and diamonds — that you have to dig for them, and to dig darned hard, and to dig for yourself mostly. But, gentlemen, the greatest gift the airth has to bestow, she gave to me, — abundant, spontaneous, eternal, without bottom, and free.

JACK. And that is — (*Sitting up, interested.*)

BECK (*rising to his feet, and striking the table*). It is *ile, ile!* Gold means rheumatism and a bent back. *Ile* flows. I *knew* it was there, because I had been in Pennsylvania and learned the signs. Boring a well is not quite the sort of work a man would select for a pleasant and variegated occupation. Day after day I bored. It was the ninth day and noon, I was taking my dinner, which consisted on that day and all days of cold boiled pork and bread.

JACK. Ah, yah!

BECK. Yes, sir, my own remark every day, when I sat down to that simple banquet. In those days, gentlemen, I said no grace. It didn't seem to me that the most straight-walking Christian was expected to be more than tolerably thankful for cold pork.

LAU. And while you were eating the pork, the Golden Butterfly flew down the shaft and struck oil of his own account.

BECK. No, sir; for once you air wrong. Nobody went down. But something came up — up like a fountain, up like the bubbling over of the airth's eternal teapot; a black muddy jet of stuff. Great sun! I think I see it now.

JACK. But the oil may run dry.

BECK. Never. What is this world, gentlemen?

JACK. A round ball.

BECK. Sir, it is like a great orange. It has its outer rind, what they call the crust. I've got my pipe straight into the middle of the orange, and right through the crust. Other mines may give out, but my *ile* will run forever.

JACK. Then we may congratulate you on the possession of a boundless fortune.

BECK. You may, sir. It is my Luck. And I, sir, have struck *ile* as it never was struck before, because my well goes down to the almighty reservoir of this great world.

JACK. And what do you intend to do?

BECK. Well, first I want to meet your great men. Not to interview them, sir, not at all. They may talk a donkey's hind leg off, and I wouldn't send a single line to the New York papers to tell them what was said, or what they wore. But I should like, just for one evening, to meet and talk with the great writers whom we respect across the water.

JACK. Suppose I am able to get together half a dozen or so of our greatest writers, how should we manage to entertain them?

BECK. I should like to give them a good square meal at the Langham.

JACK. To tell you the truth, I have anticipated your de-

sire, and mentioned the subject to several personally. I told them you were an American gentleman with no letters of introduction, but a sincere admirer of their genius.

BECK. Heap it up, Mr. Dunquerque. Heap it up. Tell them I am death on appreciation.

JACK. That is in substance what I did tell them. "On the one hand," I said, "my friend, Gilead P. Beck"—I ventured to say, "my friend, Gilead P. Beck."

BECK. If you hadn't said that, you should have been scalped and gouged. Go on, Mr. Dunquerque; go on, sir.

JACK. "Will feel himself honored by your company; on the other hand, it will be a genuine source of pleasure for you to know that you are as well known and as thoroughly appreciated on the other side of the water as you are here."

To begin with, then, I have invited a poet and a painter to meet you here this evening—Messrs. Humphrey and Cornelius Jagenal, and it is quite time they were here.

LAU. There are steps on the stairs now, Jack.

JACK. It must be the twins.

BECK. Produce your twins.

JACK. I ought to tell you first that they are great men. Men of genius, whom you should also invite to the banquet.

BECK. I can see them eating there now, sir.

JACK. And perhaps become their patron.

BECK. I'll patronize them faster than they can write or daub.

JACK. You may be obliged to converse on the subject of pictures and poetry; are you up to that?

BECK. Wal, I might be able to tell the picture from the frame, or poetry from prose, but I'll be darned if I believe I could tell blue from green, or elephant's breath from mouse's sneeze, if I was to go to thunder. (*Knock at door.*)

LAU. Enter. (*Pause.*) Enter. (*Another pause.*) Come in. (*Enter CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY JAGENAL L. 3 E.*)

JACK. Mr. Beck, this is Mr. Cornelius Jagenal.

COR (*bows*). Mr. Beck, allow me to introduce my brother, Humphrey Jagenal. In his case the world is satisfied with the Christian name alone without the ceremonial prefix. He is, as you know, the artist.

BECK. Sir, I am proud indeed to make your acquaintance. I am but a rough man myself, sir, but I respect genius.

HUMPH. Then allow me to introduce my brother. Cornelius Jagenal, as you doubtless know, Mr. Beck, is the poet.

BECK. Sir, I have been knocking about the world, and

have not read any poetry since I was a boy. Now let's start fair. Sit down, gentlemen. Will you take anything?

COR. AND HUMPH. (*looking at each other perplexed*). Anything?

BECK. In California, up country, we always begin with a drink.

COR. Thank you, sir. Humphrey, do we need it?

HUMPH. Perhaps, not absolutely — still —

COR. Still, brother —

HUMPH. We might take —

COR. Just a little —

HUMPH. Drop.

COR. Yes, brother.

HUMPH. AND COR. Ahem!

BECK. Don't be backward about coming forward, gentlemen. Here's the nectar. (*Pours champagne. As he is about to hand it to them, and while they are reaching forward eagerly, still trying to disguise their eagerness, he withdraws it, much to their disappointment.*) Perhaps, though, you prefer something different?

HUMPH. AND COR. Ah, no! (*Quickly.*)

BECK. This may be too dry.

HUMPH. AND COR. Not in the least. We prefer it dry.

BECK. Perhaps you prefer water?

HUMPH. AND COR. Water! (*Unable to conceal their disgust.*) No, water is too wet.

BECK. If you do, say so. Far be it from me to hold the glass to any man's lips against his inclination. In the silver mines I've seen a man threatened with a bowie for refusing a drink.

HUMPH. A man threatened with a boy?

BECK. Yes, sir, and I've known temperate men anxious for peace take drinks, when they were offered, till their back teeth were under whiskey.

HUMPH. Cornelius, did you ever hear of a man threatened with a boy?

COR. Never, brother, never!

HUMPH. Mr. Beck, how could the man be threatened with a boy?

BECK (*spells it*). *Bowie*, not boy. *Bowie*, a large knife named from Colonel *Bowie*. Cut, rip, slash, you know.

HUMPH. Oh! American, you know.

BECK. Well, do you drink?

HUMPH. We will not — be threatened with a bowie.

COR. We will venture the champagne.

HUMPH. We will.

BECK. Champagne it is then. (*Handing champagne.*)

COR. (*holding up glass*). "At last we meet."

HUMPH. "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

COR. (*after drinking*). "'Tis gone, I am a man again."

HUMPH. "We met by chance in the usual way."

BECK. I wonder if he is in the habit of getting all his drinks in this way. (*Aside.*)

COR. "Now could I drink hot blood."

BECK (*aside*). The blood-thirsty wretch.

JACK (*to BECK*). Quotation.

BECK. Oh! I see. From some of his poems. That's a good thing. "Now could I drink hot blood." I'll remember that. Now, gentlemen, may I be allowed to talk business. (*They nod.*) Genius, gentlemen, is apt to be careless of the main chance. I don't care for the almighty dollar; it lets fellows like me heap up the stamps. What can we do but ask genius to dig into our pile.

HUMPH. (*pouring another glass of champagne from the bottle, which he has kept in his hand*). Cornelius, Mr. Beck, so far as I understand him, speaks the strongest common sense.

COR. We agree with you so far, Mr. Beck. (*Drinking.*)

BECK. Why, then, we are agreed. Gentlemen, I say to you both collectively, let me usher into the world those works of genius which you are bound to produce. You, sir, (*to HUMPHREY*) are painting a picture. When can you finish me that picture?

HUMPH. In six months.

BECK. What is the subject of that picture?

HUMPH. "The Birth of the Renaissance." An allegorical picture. There will be two hundred and twenty-three figures in the composition. It will occupy a canvas fourteen feet long by six high.

BECK. Make it as paregorical as you please, and I should like to introduce a few more figures, say, make it three hundred and sixty-five, that is one for each day in the year, and throw in a baby for the odd quarter of a day.

HUMPH. It shall be done.

BECK. I buy that picture, sir, at your own price. And you, Mr. Cornelius Jagenal, are engaged upon a poem. And what might be the subject of that?

COR. "The Upheaving of Alfred." In the darkest moments of Alfred's life, while he is hiding amidst the Somersetshire morasses, comes the Spirit of his Career, and guides him in a vision step by step to his crowning triumphs.

BECK. Sho! I charge myself, sir, if you will allow me,

with the production of that work. And I shall send you, gentlemen, a small check each in advance.

HUMPH. AND COR. (*rising*). Oh, sir.

COR. Brother, oughtn't we to drink Mr. Beck's health?

HUMPH. Brother, we had. (*They drink.*)

BECK (*as they drink*). "Now could I drink hot blood." That's a good thing; I like it.

COR. What did you observe?

BECK. If you would favor me further, gentlemen, by dining with me, — next Wednesday, — I should take it as a great distinction. I hope, with the assistance of Mr. Dunquerque, to have a few prominent men of letters to meet you.

COR. Can we, brother Humphrey?

HUMPH. (*stops and ponders, then takes memorandum from pocket and consults it*) We can, Mr. Beck.

BECK. Consider it settled then. (*Turns to JACK.*)

HUMPH. This is a memorable day, brother. The glasses are empty — allow me. (*They are slightly tipsy.*)

COR. I will. (*They drink.*)

BECK. "Now could I drink hot blood." That's darned good.

COR. You observed —

BECK. Nothing, sir, nothing.

COR. Oh.

HUMPH. Brother, are we nervous?

COR. A little, brother.

HUMPH. Perhaps another —

COR. Perhaps it would.

HUMPH. (*turning up bottle*). Brother, there is no more.

COR. (*taking bottle*). What a hollow mockery is this.

HUMPH. Perhaps we had better not drink.

COR. Perhaps.

HUMPH. Brother, are we ready? (*Locking arms.*)

COR. We are.

HUMPH. AND COR. Good night, gentlemen.

BECK AND JACK. Good night. (*CORNELIUS and HUMPHREY start with the right foot forward like soldiers. They reel a little. CORNELIUS uses the bottle to mark time à la drum major. They exeunt L. 3 E.*)

LAU. (*waking and yawning*). Are they gone?

BECK. They air. Odd people, eh. Mr. Dunquerque?

JACK. Eccentricities of genius. You will find such people very eccentric.

BECK. Now, boys, I must go too. That insecck will be lonesome without me, and there might be an airthquake, and I not there to prevent his dissolution.

JACK. I'll go along with you.

LAU. Don't hurry, gentlemen. (*Rising.*)

BECK (*taking hat*). Come along, Mr. Dunquerque; I want you to tell me those fellows' names again. "Now could I drink hot blood." That's a darned good thing. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

JACK (*to LAURENCE*). There'll be sport at that dinner.

LAU. You haven't invited those men, have you?

JACK. No. It's a masquerade, but he has swallowed it.

LAU. I shall not come.

JACK. I shall, just for the sport. Good night. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

LAU. (*yawning*). Oh, dear, I'm quite sleepy to-night somehow. I think I'll retire early. (*Turns out gas of chandelier. Takes up novel from table, and, after throwing off coat and putting on dressing-gown, seats himself before the fire, L. 2. Reads a moment, then throws down book.*) I can't read. It's that infernal woman. She is up to some mischief; I feel it. I wish to Heaven I had gone on living in Empire City with my pair of villainous Chinamen. At least I was free from her over there. And when I saw her marriage, by Gad, I thought that was a finisher. Then, like a fool I came home. What's that! There's a light footstep in the hall! (*The door opens, L. 3, and MRS. CASSILIS enters.*)

LAU. You here!

MRS. C. What is this? What does this letter mean, Laurence? (*Showing letter.*)

LAU. Exactly what it says, Mrs. Cassilis. May I ask is it customary for married ladies to visit single gentlemen in their chambers and at night?

MRS. C. Do not ask foolish questions. Tell me what this means, I say.

LAU. It means that my visits to your house have been too frequent, and that they will be discontinued.

MRS. C. You think you are going to play fast and loose with me twice in your life, and you are mistaken; you shall not. Years ago you showed me what you are — cold, treacherous, and crafty.

LAU. Go on, Victoria; I like that kind of thing. Quite in your best style.

MRS. C. You may use harsh language to me, Laurence; you may sneer at me; but one thing I can say for you, that you understand me.

LAU. I have seen all your moods, Mrs. Cassilis, and I have a good memory. If you will show your husband that

the surface of the ocean may be stormy sometimes, he will understand you a good deal better. Get up a little breeze for him.

MRS. C. I am certainly not going to get up a vulgar quarrel with Mr. Cassilis.

LAU. A vulgar quarrel? Vulgar? Ah, vulgarity changes every five years or so. What a pity that vulgar quarrels were in fashion six years ago, Mrs. Cassilis.

MRS. C. Some men are not worth losing your temper about.

LAU. Thank you. I was, I suppose. It was very kind of you, indeed, to remind me of it, as you then did, in a manner at once forcible and not to be forgotten. Mr. Cassilis gets nothing, I suppose, but east wind with a cloudless sky, which has the sun in it, but only the semblance of warmth. I get a good sou'wester. But take care, take care, Mrs. Cassilis. I remember when I was kneeling at your feet, years ago, talking the usual nonsense about being unworthy of you. Rubbish! I was more than worthy of you, because I could give myself to you loyally, and you—you could only pretend.

MRS. C. Go on, Laurence. It is something that you regret the past.

LAU. Prick me and I sing out. That is natural. But we will have no heroics. What I mean is that I am well out of it; and that you, Victoria Cassilis, are—forgive the plain speaking—a foolish woman.

MRS. C. Laurence Colquhoun has the right to insult me as he pleases, and I must bear it.

LAU. I have no right, and you know it. Let me finish. What you please, in your sweet, romantic way, to call “second desertion,” must be and shall be.

MRS. C. Then I will know the reason why.

LAU. I have told you the reason why. Don't be a fool, Mrs. Cassilis. Ask yourself what you want. Do you want me to run away with you? I am a lazy man, I know, and I generally do what people ask me to do, but as for that thing, I am damned if I do it.

MRS. C. Insult me, Laurence; swear at me as you will.

LAU. Do you wish me to philander about your house like a ridiculous tame cat till all the world cries out?

MRS. C. (*starting to her feet*). No! I care nothing about your coming and going. But I know why—oh, I know why—you make up this lame excuse about my good name—*my* good name. As if you ever cared about that.

LAU. More than you cared about it yourself.

MRS. C. It is Phillis Fleming, your ward. I saw it from the first. You began by taking her away from me, and placing her with your cousin, where you could have her completely under your own influence.

LAU. Jealousy, by Gad. Did ever mortal hear of such a thing? Jealousy! and after all that she has done —

MRS. C. I warn you. You may do a good many things. You may deceive and insult me in any way except one. But you shall never, never marry Phillis Fleming. Before I go you shall make me a promise, Laurence, — you used to keep your promises, — to act as if this miserable letter had not been written.

LAU. I shall promise nothing of the kind.

MRS. C. Then, remember, Laurence, — *you shall never marry Phillis Fleming!* Not if I have to stop it by proclaiming my own disgrace, — you shall not marry that girl, or any other girl. I have that power over you, at any rate. Now I shall go.

LAU. There is some one on the stairs. Perhaps he is coming here. You had better not be seen. (*She hides behind curtains, C. Enter, L. 3 E., MR. GABRIEL CASSILIS.*)

MR. C. I came up this evening, Colquhoun. Are you quite alone?

LAU. As you see, Mr. Cassilis. And what gives me the pleasure of this late call from you?

MR. C. I thought I would come — I came to say — (*Sits.*)

LAU. Glad to see you always, Mr. Cassilis. You came to speak about some money matters? I have an engagement in five minutes; but we shall have time, I dare say.

MR. C. An engagement? Ah! a lady, perhaps.

LAU. A lady? Yes — yes, a lady.

MR. C. Young men — young men. Well, I will not keep you. I came here to speak to you about — about my wife.

LAU. Oh, Lord! I beg your pardon, — about Mrs. Cassilis?

MR. C. Yes; it is a very stupid business. You have known her for a long time.

LAU. I have, Mr. Cassilis, — for nearly eight years.

MR. C. Ah, old friends; and once, I believe, people thought —

LAU. Once, Mr. Cassilis, I myself thought — I cannot tell you what I thought Victoria Pengelley might be to me. But that is over long since. (*Aside.*) One for her.

MR. C. Over long since. There was nothing in it, then?

LAU. We were two persons entirely dissimilar in dispo-

sition, Mr. Cassilis. Perhaps I was not worthy of her — her calm, clear judgment. (*Aside.*) Another for her.

MR. C. Victoria is outwardly cold, yet capable of the deepest emotions. Foolish gossip has been at work connecting your names. I think the best thing, without saying anything to Victoria, who must never suspect —

LAU. Never suspect.

MR. C. That I ever heard this absurdity. But we must guard her from calumny, Colquhoun. Cæsar's wife, you know, and — and — I think that perhaps if you were to be a little less frequent in your calls — and —

LAU. I quite understand, Mr. Cassilis; and I am not in the least offended. I assure you most sincerely — I wish Mrs Cassilis were here to listen — that I am deeply sorry for having innocently put you to the pain of saying this. However, the world shall have no further cause for gossip.

MR. C. Thank you, Colquhoun. It is good of you to take this most unusual request so kindly. With such a wife as mine, jealousy would be absurd. But I have to keep her name from even a breath — even a breath.

LAU. Quite right, Mr. Cassilis.

MR. C. Snug quarters for a bachelor, — ah, I lived in lodgings always myself. I thought I heard a woman's voice as I came up stairs.

LAU. From Sir Richard de Counterpane's rooms, downstairs, perhaps.

MR. C. Ay, ay. This window looks out upon —

LAU. Yes, but the blinds are closed. (*Stopping him.*)

MR. C. Ah, yes, and your bedroom is there, I suppose. (*Indicating R. 3*)

LAU. Yes.

MR. C. (*standing in door, looking in*). Ah, hermit-like. Now, *I like* a large bed.

LAU. (*standing just behind him, motions vigorously for MRS. CASSILIS to leave, and makes a sound as if frightening a cat. MRS. CASSILIS exit L. 3*).

MR. C. What is that?

LAU. Nothing. I was merely disturbing the cat.

MR. C. Ah, yes. However, I'm glad I came. (*Coming c.*) One word, Colquhoun, is better than a thousand letters; and you are sure you do not misunderstand me? (*Taking hat and starting towards door, L.*)

LAU. Quite.

MR. C. No jealousy at all.

LAU. Certainly not.

MR. C. Nothing but a desire to — to —

LAU. I understand perfectly.

MR. C. (*listening at open door*). Very odd! Coming up, I heard a woman's voice. Now, it seems as if there were a woman's feet.

LAU. Nerves, perhaps. I hear nothing.

MR. C. Nor do I now. Nerves — ah, yes — nerves.
(*Exit L. 3.*)

LAU. If ever I get caught in a trap like that again, I hope I may choke. (*Throwing himself into chair.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. — *Parlor at MRS. L'ESTRANGE'S, looking out upon the Thames and across the river. Doors R. 3 and L. 3. Window R. 2. PHILLIS discovered at table, R., drawing. Presently she puts down the picture. JACK enters from lawn, C.*

PHIL. I wish Jack were here.

JACK. He is here, Phil.

PHIL. Jack! Oh, I am glad. Agatha has gone up to town. What shall we do this afternoon? Shall we talk? Shall I play for you? Shall I draw you a picture? What shall we do, Jack?

JACK. Well, Phil, I think — perhaps — we had better talk.

PHIL. What has happened, Jack? You do not look happy.

JACK. I do not know how to tell you, Phil. I don't see a way to begin.

PHIL. Sit down and begin somehow. What is it makes people unhappy? Are you ill?

JACK. No, Phil. I am never ill. You see, I am not exactly unhappy —

PHIL. But, Jack, you look so dismal.

JACK. Yes, that is it; I am a little dismal. No, Phil — no. I am really unhappy, and you are the cause.

PHIL. I the cause? But, Jack, why?

JACK. I had a talk with your guardian, Laurence Colquhoun, yesterday. And it was all about you. And he wants me — not to come here so often, in fact. And I mustn't come.

PHIL. But why not?

JACK. That is just what I cannot explain to you.

PHIL. Other girls haven't got a Jack Dunquerque, have they? Poor things! That is all you mean, isn't it?

JACK. Phil, don't look at me like that! You don't know — you cannot understand — no.

PHIL. I have done nothing wrong. If I had, my conscience would make me unhappy. But I do not begin to understand what you mean. Last week Agatha asked me if I was not thinking too much about you. And the curate made me laugh, because he said, quite by himself in a corner, you know — that Mr. Dunquerque was a happy man; and when I asked him why, he turned very red, and said it was because I

had given to him what all the world would long to have. He meant, Jack —

JACK. I wish he were here for me to wring his neck.

PHIL. And one day Laura Herries was talking to Agatha about some young lady who had got compromised by a gentleman's attentions. I asked why, and she replied, that if I did not know, no one could know.

JACK. Miss Herries ought to have her neck wrung, too, as well as the curate.

PHIL. Compromise — improper. What does it all mean? Jack, tell me — what is this wrong thing that you and I have done?

JACK. Not you, Phil; a thousand times, not you.

PHIL. Then I do not care much what other people say. Do you know, Jack, it seems to me as if we never ought to care for what people, besides people we love, say about us.

JACK. But it is I who have done wrong.

PHIL. Have you, Jack? Oh, then, I forgive you. Don't laugh, Jack, because I cannot read like other people; and all I have to go by is what Mr. Dyson told me, and Agatha tells me, and what I see — and — and what you tell me, Jack, which is worth all the rest to me. (*Brushes tears from eyes.*) And I forgive you, Jack, all the more, because you did not treat me as you would have treated the girls who seem to me so lifeless and languid, and — Jack, it may be wrong to say it, but oh! so small. What compliment could you have paid me better than to single me out for your friend — my friend, mine. We were friends from the first, were we not? (*Places her hand in his.*) And now you have compromised me, as they would say. What does it matter, Jack? We can go on always just the same as we have been doing, can we not?

JACK. No, Phil. Your guardian will not allow it. You must obey him. He says that I am to come here less frequently; that I must not do you — he is quite right, Phil — any more mischief.

PHIL. My guardian leaves me alone here with Agatha. It is you who have been my real guardian, Jack. I shall do what you tell me to do.

JACK. I want to do what is best for you, Phil — but — child! (*Taking both hands. She sits on a hassock at his feet, and looks into his eyes.*) Child, must I tell you? Could not Agatha L'Estrange tell you that there is something in the world very different from friendship? Is it left for me to teach you? They call it love, Phil.

PHIL. Love? But I know all about it, Jack.

JACK. No, Phil, you know nothing. It isn't the love that you bear to Agatha that I mean.

PHIL. Is it the love I have for you, Jack?

JACK. It may be, Phil. Tell me, only tell me if you love me as I love you. Try to tell me. I love you so much that I cannot sleep for thinking of you; and I think of you all day long. It seems as if my life must have been a long blank before I saw you; all my happiness is to be with you; to think of going on without you maddens me.

PHIL. Poor Jack!

JACK. My dear, my darling — my queen and pearl of girls — who can help loving you? And even to be with you, to have you close to me, to hold your hands in mine — that isn't enough.

PHIL. What more — oh, Jack, Jack! What more?

JACK. What more? My darling, my angel, this. (*Kisses her.*) And this. (*Kisses her again. Raises her, and places arm about her.*) Phil, Phil, wake at last from your long childhood; leave the Garden of Eden, where you have wandered so many years, and come out into the other world, — the world of love. My dear, my dear, can you love me a little, only a little in return? Phil, Phil, answer me — speak to me — forgive me. (*Drops his arm from about her waist, and also drops her hands. She appears in amaze for a moment, then places her hands to her face and weeps.*) Forgive me, forgive me.

PHIL. (*still bewildered*). Jack, what is it? What does it mean? Jack, what is it you have said? What is it you have done?

JACK. Phil.

PHIL. Yes. Hush! don't speak to me — not yet, Jack. Wait a moment. My brain is full of strange thoughts. Something seems to have come upon me. Help me, Jack! oh, help me. I am frightened. (*Nestles up to JACK.*) Look at me, Jack. Tell me, am I the same? Is there any change in me?

JACK. Yes, Phil; yes, my darling. You are changed. Your sweet eyes are full of tears like the skies in April; and your cheeks are pale and white. Let me kiss them until they get their own color again. (*Kisses her.*)

PHIL. I know, Jack, now. It all came upon me in a moment when your lips touched mine. Jack, Jack, it was as if something snapped; as if a veil fell from my eyes. I know now what you meant when you said just now that you loved me.

JACK. Do you, Phil? And can you love me, too?

PHIL. Yes, Jack. I will tell you when I am able to talk again. Do you think, Jack, that I can always have loved you — without knowing it at all — just as you love me? See, the sun is out, and the birds are singing — all the sweet birds — they are singing for me, Jack, for you and for me. Take me to the river, Jack. I want to think it all over again, and try to understand it better.

JACK (*as they go up*). Phil, I don't deserve it; I don't deserve you. (*Exeunt C. to L. Enter, L. 3 E., HUMPHREY and CORNELIUS JAGENAL.*)

HUMPH. You, Cornelius, have engaged yourself to be married.

COR. Pardon me, Humphrey; it is you that are engaged to Phillis Fleming.

HUMPH. I am nothing of the sort, Cornelius. I am astonished that you should make such a statement.

COR. One of us certainly is engaged to the young lady. And it certainly is not I. "Let your brother Humphrey hope," she said. Those were her very words. I do think, brother, that it is a little ungenerous of you, after all the trouble I took on your behalf, to try to force this young lady on me.

HUMPH. I went down on purpose to tell Phillis about you. I spoke to her of your ardor. She said she appreciated it, Cornelius. I even went so far as to say that you offered her a virgin heart — perilling my own soul by those very words — a virgin heart — and after that German milk-maid! Ha, ha, the poet and the milk-maid!

COR. And what did I do for you? I told her that you brought her a heart which had never beat for another — that, after your miserable little Roman model.

HUMPH. Cornelius! (*Facing him.*)

COR. Humphrey! (*Imitating.*) To bring up the German business!

HUMPH. To taunt me with the Roman girl!

COR. Will you keep your engagement like a gentleman, and marry the girl?

HUMPH. Will you behave as a man of honor, and go to the altar with Phillis Fleming?

COR. I will not. Nothing shall induce me to get married!

HUMPH. Nor will I. I will see myself drawn and quartered first!

COR. Then go and break it to her yourself, for I will not.

HUMPH. Break what? Break her heart? I am not the man to do that.

COR. Can it be that she loves us both?

HUMPH. Can that be so, Cornelius?

COR. Brother Humphrey, I see that we have mismanaged this affair. I thought you wanted to marry her.

HUMPH. I thought *you* did.

COR. And so we each pleaded the other's cause. And the poor girl loves us both. Good heavens! What a dreadful sacrifice to give us both up!

HUMPH. I remember nothing in fiction so startling. To be sure, there is some excuse for her.

COR. But she can't marry us both.

HUMPH. N-n-no. I suppose not. No — certainly not. Heaven forbid. And as you will not marry her —

COR. And I will not —

HUMPH. Marry! What! Have to get up early; to have to go to bed at eleven; perhaps, Cornelius, to have babies; and, besides, if they should be twins. Fancy being shaken out of your poetic dream by the cries of twins.

COR. And, Humphrey, should we go abroad, no flirting with Roman models, eh, eh, eh?

HUMPH. Ho, ho, ho! And no carrying milk-pails up the Heidelberg hills, eh, eh, eh?

COR. Marriage be hanged. And now what about Mr. Gilead Beck?

HUMPH. Will the poem be finished?

COR. No. Will the picture?

HUMPH. Not a chance. Tell me, Cornelius, how much of your poem remains to be done?

COR. Well, you see, there is not much actually written.

HUMPH. Will you show it to me — what there is of it?

COR. It is all in my head, Humphrey. Nothing is written.

HUMPH. It is curious, Cornelius, that up to the present I have not actually drawn any of the groups. My figures are still in my head. (*Enter PHILLIS, C. from L.*) Hush! here is Miss Fleming.

PHIL. Good morning, gentlemen.

HUMPH. AND COR. Good morning, Miss Fleming.

COR. We came for a few words of serious explanation.

PHIL. Very well; pray, go on.

COR. It is a delicate and, I fear, painful business. Miss Fleming, you doubtless remember a conversation I had with you some time since at the house of Mr. Cassilis?

PHIL. Certainly. You told me that your brother Humphrey adored me. You also said that he brought me a virgin heart. I remember perfectly. I did not understand your meaning then. But I do now. I understand it now.

COR. Patience, brother, I will see you through this affair. You see, Miss Fleming, I was under a mistake. My brother has the highest respect in the abstract for womanhood, which is the incarnation and embodiment of all that is graceful and beautiful in this fair world of ours, does not — after all —

PHIL. (*laughing*). You mean that he does not, after all, adore me. Oh, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Humphrey! Was it for this that you offered me a virgin heart?

COR. My dear young lady, Humphrey does adore you — speak, brother — do you not adore Miss Fleming?

HUMPH. I do, I do, most certainly. This is killing me.

PHIL. But there is yourself, Mr. Cornelius. If you made a mistake about Humphrey, it is impossible that he could have made a mistake about you.

COR. This is terrible. Explain, brother Humphrey. Miss Fleming, we — no, you as well — are victims of a dreadful error.

HUMPH. I, too, mistook the respectful admiration of my brother for something dearer. Miss Fleming, he is already wedded.

PHIL. Wedded? Are you a married man, Mr. Cornelius? Oh, and where is the virgin heart?

HUMPH. Wedded to his art. Wedded — long ago — object of his life's love — with milk-pails on the hills of Heidelberg, and light blue eyes — the muse of song. But he regards you with respectful admiration.

COR. Most respectful. As Petrarch regarded the wife of the Count de Sadi. Will you forgive us, Miss Fleming, and — and — try to forget us. It is hard, I know; but try.

PHIL. I will forgive you both, but I am afraid I shall never, never be able to forget you. (*Laughing*.)

HUMPH. Poor thing, I pity her!

PHIL. Now go. (*Pointing to door, seriously*.) I forgive you. But never again dare to offer a girl each other's virgin heart. (*They slink away ashamed and crestfallen*.) Stop! We must not part like that. Shake hands, Cornelius. Shake hands, Humphrey. Come back and take another glass of wine. (*They drink from decanter of wine on table*.) You could not have married me, you know, for I am going to marry Jack. There! — forgive me for speaking unkindly, and we will remain friends. Adieu. (*Exit R. 3*.)

COR. Brother, her heart is not broken.

HUMPH. Not even cracked.

COR. I'll be revenged.

HUMPH. How?

COR. I'll drink up all the wine. (*Takes decanter and drinks*.)

HUMPH. Poor little Phillis ! (*Takes decanter and drinks.*)

COR. It wasn't our fault, after all Men of genius are always run after. Women are made to love men, and men are made to break their hearts. (*Takes decanter and drinks.*)

HUMPH. Law of nature, dear Cornelius — law of nature.

COR. Humphrey, my dear brother, advise me. What would you do if you had a sharp and sudden pain, like a knife, inside you.

HUMPH. If I had a sharp and sudden pain, like a knife, inside me, I should take a small glass of brandy neat. (*They put down decanter empty, and both lock arms and reel out C. to L., singing :*)

Quand on est à Paris
On écrit à son père,
Qui fait réponse : " Brigand !
Tu n'en as — "

(*Exeunt C. to L. Enter, L. 3 E., GABRIEL CASSILIS, cautiously peering around to see if any one is in the room. Then enters and comes to C. After once more looking around, he takes note from pocket and reads.*)

MR. C. "She wrote to him to-day ; she told him she could bear her life no longer ; she threatened to tell the secret right out ; she will have an explanation with him to-morrow, at Mrs. L'Estrange's. Do you go down and you will hear the explanation. Be quiet and be secret." I loved her, I loved her, and I trusted her ; and this is the end. Some one is coming. I must not be seen. (*Hides behind curtains of window, R. 2. Enter PHILLIS, R. 3, meeting LAURENCE COLQUHOUN, who enters at the same time C. from L.*)

LAU. Little Phillis.

PHIL. Guardian.

LAU. Little Phillis, though, no longer. When I saw you first, you were little Phillis — a wee toddler of six or seven. I went away and forgot all about you — almost forgot your very existence, Phillis — till the news of Mr. Dyson's death met me on my way home again. I fear that I have neglected you since I came home ; but I have been worried.

PHIL. What has worried you, Laurence. Agatha says you never care what happens.

LAU. Agatha is right, as a rule. In one case, of which she knows nothing, she is wrong. Tell me, Phillis, is there anything you want in the world that I can get for you ?

PHIL. I think I have everything. And what you will not give me, I shall wait for till I am twenty-one.

LAU. You mean —

PHIL. I mean Jack Dunquerque, Laurence.

LAU. Sit down. I wanted to speak about him. (*They sit on sofa, R.*) Phillis, you are very young. All I ask you is to wait. Do not give your promise to this man till you have at least had an opportunity of — of comparing — of learning your own mind.

PHIL. I have already given my promise.

LAU. But it is a promise that may be recalled. Dunquerque is a gentleman; he will not hold you to your word when he feels that he ought not to have taken it from you. You have no idea of what it is that you have given, or its value.

PHIL. I think you mean the best for me, Laurence; but the best is — Jack. I think of Jack all day long and all night. I pray for him in the morning and in the evening. When he comes near me, I tremble; I feel that I must obey him if he were to order me in anything.

LAU. Stop, Phillis; you must not tell me any more. I was trying to act for the best; but I will make no further opposition. See, my dear (*taking her hand*), if I write to Jack Dunquerque to-day, and tell the villain he may come and see you whenever he likes, and that he shall marry you whenever you like, will that do for you?

PHIL. Will it do? Oh, Laurence! Agatha always said you were the kindest man in the world; and I — forgive me — I did not believe it, I could not understand it. Oh, Jack, Jack! we shall be so happy. He loves me, Laurence, as much as I love him.

LAU. Phillis, Jack Dunquerque is a lucky man. We all love you, my dear; and I almost as much as Jack. But I am too old for you; and besides, besides — I do love you, however, Phillis. A man could not be long beside you without loving you. (*MRS. CASSILIS is about to enter C. when she sees LAURENCE and PHILLIS, and she hides behind pillar, C.*)

MR. C. My wife!

LAU. (*rising*). Kiss me, Phillis. Then let me hold you in my arms for once, because you are so sweet and — and I am your guardian, you know, and we all love you. (*As he is about to kiss her, MRS. CASSILIS comes between them, panting for breath, with clenched hands. Then waves her hand majestically for PHILLIS to leave.*) Victoria!

MRS. C. Leave him! Do you hear? — leave him!

LAU. Better go, Phillis.

MRS. C. No! she shall not go. She shall not go until she has heard me first. You dare to make love to this girl,

this school-girl, before my very eyes ! She shall know, she shall know our secret.

LAU. Victoria, you do not know what you are saying. *Our secret ? Say your secret, and be careful.*

MR. C. (*aside*). Their secret ? her secret ?

MRS. C. I shall not be careful. The time is past for care. You have sneered and scoffed at me ; you have insulted me ; you have refused almost to know me — all that I have borne, but this I will not bear. Phillis Fleming, this man takes you in his arms and kisses you. He says he loves you ; he dares to tell you he loves you. No doubt, you are flattered. You have had the men around you all day long, and now you have the best of them at your feet, alone. Well, the man you want to catch, the excellent *parti* you and Agatha would like to trap, the man who stands there —

LAU. Victoria, there is still time to stop.

MRS. C. That man is *my husband ! My husband ! !* We were married six years ago and more. We were married in Scotland privately ; but he is my husband, and five days after our wedding he left me. Is that true ?

LAU. (*perfectly cool and calm*). Perfectly. You have forgotten nothing, except the reason of my departure. If you think it worth while troubling Phillis with that, why —

MRS. C. We quarrelled ; that was the reason. He used cruel and bitter language. He gave me back my liberty.

LAU. We separated, Phillis, after a row, the like of which you may conceive by remembering that Mrs. Cassilis was then six years younger, and even more ready for such encounters than at present. We separated. We agreed that things should go on as if the marriage, which was no marriage, had never taken place. I went abroad. And then I heard, by accident, that my wife had taken the liberty I gave her, in its fullest sense, by marrying again. Then I came home, because I thought that chapter was closed ; but it was not, you see ; and, for her sake, I wish I had stayed in America.

MRS. C. He is my husband still. I can claim him when I want him, and I claim him now. I say, Laurence, so long as I live you shall marry no other woman. You are mine ; whatever happens, you are mine. (*Falls on her knees before him, and bursts into tears.*) Laurence, forgive me, forgive me. Take me away. I never loved any one but you. Forgive me. Let me go with you somewhere out of this place ; let us go away together. (*As her head is bowed low, LAURENCE turns away from her, and GABRIEL CASSILIS, who has been gradually approaching the centre unobserved,*

comes slowly between them. As she looks up at length, she sees him.) You here? Then you know all. It is true; that is my legal husband. For two years and more my life has been a lie. Stand back and let me go to my husband.

MR. C. (*raises arm slowly to stop her, then looks at each of the others appealingly, and tries to speak. At last a faint smile crosses his lips*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year.

LAU. Great God! you have destroyed his reason.

MR. C. (*shakes his head, and tries hard to say what he wishes*). A fine day, and seasonable — (*Staggers and falls*)

LAU. (*to MRS. CASSILIS*). Go home. There is no more mischief for you to do. Go. (*MRS. CASSILIS casts a look of disdain on MR. CASSILIS, and of hatred on PHILLIS, and exits L. 3. LAURENCE and PHILLIS then raise MR. CASSILIS and place him in chair. He finally opens his eyes, and his lips move.*) It is true, Mr. Cassilis. God knows I would have spared you the knowledge. But it is true. Do you understand me, Mr. Cassilis? Do you comprehend what I am saying?

MR. C. (*nots his head*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year.

LAU. Good heavens! his mind is gone.

PHIL. He understands you, Laurence, but he cannot explain himself. Wait a moment, I know what to do. (*Gets dictionary from table and hands to him. He turns the leaves until he finds the word he wants. PHILLIS reads.*) S-i, si; l-e-n-c-e, lence, — silence.

LAU. Silence. For all our sakes it is for the best. As for me, I shall leave England in a week. I deeply regret that I ever came back to this country. (*MR. CASSILIS turns the leaves of the dictionary again.*) Home. Will you let me take you home, sir? (*MR. CASSILIS nods. LAURENCE assists him to rise*) Phillis, you had better go to Agatha. You will find her, probably, in her room. She returned with me. (*PHIL IS exits R. 3*) Now, Mr. Cassilis.

MR. C. (*as they are going out*). A fine day, and seasonable weather for the time of year. (*Exeunt L. 3 E. Enter, C. from L., BECK and JACK.*)

BECK. You see Mr. Dunquerque, we had already got upon the subject, and I had ventured to make him a proposition. You see, the fact is I want you to look at things just exactly as I do. I'm rich. I have struck ile. That ile is the mightiest Special Providence ever given to a single man. But it's given for purposes. And one of those purposes is that some of it's got to go to you.

JACK. To me?

BECK. To you, Mr. Dunquerque. Who fired that shot? Who delivered me from the Grizzly?

JACK. Why, Ladds did as much as I.

BECK. Captain Ladds is a fine fellow. Steady as a rock is Captain Ladds. But the ile isn't for Captain Ladds. No, sir. I owe it all to you. I said to Mr. Colquhoun, there is no two ways about it—that Mr. Dunquerque *must* marry Miss Fleming. Lord! Lord! why they are made for each other. Look at him now, leanin' toward her with a look half respectful and half hungry. And look at her with her sweet, innocent eyes. Wait till you give the word, and she feels his arms about her waist and his lips close to hers. It's a beautiful thing—love. I've never been in love myself, but I've watched those that were; and I venture to tell you that, from the queen down to the kitchen-maid, there isn't a woman among them all that isn't the better for being loved, and they know it, too. Then, I went on to say, Mr. Dunquerque shall have half of my pile,—and more if he wants it,—only you let h'm come back again to Miss Fleming. And he laughed in his easy way; there's no kind of man in the States like that Colquhoun.—seems as if he never wants to get anything. He laughed, and lay back on the grass and said: "My dear fellow, let Jack come back if he likes; there's no fighting against fate."

JACK. But, Beck, I can't do this thing. I can't take your money.

BECK. I guess, sir, you can, and I guess you will. Come, Mr. Dunquerque, say you won't go against Providence! There's a sweet young lady waiting for you, and a little mountain of dollars.

JACK. I thank you all the same. I shall never forget your generosity—never. But that cannot be.

BECK. We will leave it to Miss Fleming. What Miss Fleming says is to be, shall be; and here she is. (*Enter PHILLIS R. 3.*) Miss Fleming, I leave it to you if this young chap oughtn't to accept half of my pile? He saved my life.

PHIL. I have money enough for both; what need of more?

BECK. Done. But what in thunder is the good of the money if you can't help those who have helped you?

PHIL. There are always the poor among us.

BECK. Yes, that is true. And there always will be. More you give to the poor, more you make them poor. There's folks goin' up, and folks goin' down. You in Eng-

land help the folks goin' down. You make them fall easy. I want to help the folks goin' up. I am more ignorant than I thought. But I am trying to read, Miss Fleming.

PHIL. Are you? And how far have you got?

BECK. I've got so far that I've lost my way, and shall have to go back again. It was all through Robert Browning. My dear young lady, if you should chance upon one of his books with a pretty title, such as "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," or "Fifine at the Fair," don't read it, don't try it. It isn't a fairy story, nor a love story. It's a story without an end; it's a story told upsy down; it's like wandering in a forest without a path. It gets into your brain and makes it go round; it gets into your eyes and makes you see ghosts. Don't you look at that book. If I thought that poet I gave the check to would write like that, I'd brain him with a roll of his own manuscript. Anybody can write a book, but it takes a man to read one.

PHIL. Ah, but it is different with you. I am only in words of two syllables. I've just got through the first reading-book — "The cat has drunk up all the milk." I suppose I must go on with it, but I think it is better to have some one to read for you. I am sure Jack would read for me whenever I asked him.

BECK. I never thought of that. Why not keep a clerk to read for you, and pay out the information in small chunks? I should like to tackle Mr. Carlyle that way.

PHIL. Perhaps, Mr. Beck, it is well that this great fortune did not come to you when you were younger.

BECK. Perhaps it is so. To tool around New York would be a poor return for the Luck of the Butterfly. Yes; better as it is. Providence knows very well what to be about; it don't need promptin' from us. At the right time the Luck comes, and at the right time the Luck will go. When it goes I hope I shall be prepared for the change. But if it goes tomorrow, it cannot take away the memory of these few months. It is like a dream that I should be here with you — I, Gilead P. Beck. To be with you and Mr. Dunquerque is like getting back the youth I never had; youth that isn't always thinkin' about the next day; youth that isn't always plannin' for the future; youth that has time to enjoy the sunshine, to look into a sweet gell's eyes and fall in love — like you, my pretty, and Mr. Dunquerque, who saved my life. There's things which do not depend upon ile; things which money cannot do. The world is a more tangled web than I used to think. (*Enter SERVANT with telegram, and exit. BECK reads telegram.*) The time has come. It's come a little

sooner than I expected. But it has come at last. Mr. Dunquerque, oblige me by reading that despatch.

JACK (*reads*). "Gilead P. Beck. Account overdrawn. Wells all run dry. No more bills honored."

BECK. At least, if the income is gone, the pile remains. That's close upon half a million of English money. We can do something with that. Mr. Cassilis has got it all for me.

JACK. Who?

BECK. Mr. Gabriel Cassilis, the great English financier.

JACK. He is ruined. He has failed for two millions sterling. If your money is in his hands —

BECK. In Eldorado stock.

JACK. The Eldoradians cannot pay their interest, and the stock has sunk to nothing.

BECK. Will you — will you — be so kind — as to bring me my Butterfly in the glass case? I left it in the next room. (JACK *exit* L. 3, and *returns immediately with the glass case with the Butterfly still there, but with both wings off.*) Has any one — has any one felt an airthquake? Gone! Broken!

"If this Golden Butterfly fall and break,
Farewell the Luck of Gilead P. Beck."

Your own lines, Mr. Dunquerque. Broken into little bits it is. The ile run dry, the credit exhausted, and the pile fooled away. I am sorry for you most, Mr. Dunquerque. I am powerful sorry, sir. I had hoped, with the assistance of Miss Fleming, to divide that pile with you. Now, sir, I've got nothing. Not a red cent left to divide with a beggar. I can't make it out, somehow. Seems as if I'm in a dream. Is it real? Is the story of the Golden Butterfly a true story, or is it made up out of some man's brain?

PHIL. It is real, Mr. Beck. It is real. No one could have invented such a story. See, dear Mr. Beck, you that we all love so much, there is you in it, and I am in it, and — and the twins. Why, if people saw us all in a book, they would say it was impossible. I am the only girl in all the civilized world who can neither read nor write, — and Jack doesn't mind it; and you are the only man who ever found the Golden Butterfly. Indeed, it is all real.

JACK. It is all real, Beck. You have had the high time, and sorry indeed we are that it is all over. But perhaps it is not all over. Surely, something out of the two million dollars must have remained.

BECK. Nothing is left. Nothing except the solid gold that made his cage. And that will go to pay the hotel bill.

I must strike out something new — away from Empire City, and ile, and gold. It is not the cold chunk of pork that I am afraid of ; it is the beautiful life and the sweetness that I am going to lose. I said I hoped I should be prepared to meet the fall of my Luck when it came. But I never thought it would come like this.

PHIL. Stay with us, Mr. Beck. Don't go back to the old life.

JACK. Stay with us. We will all live together.

BECK (*opening case and taking out Butterfly*). What shall I do with these? They have given me the pleasantest hours of my life. They have made me dream of power as if I was autocrat of all the Russias. Mr. Dunquerque, may I offer the broken Butterfly to Miss Fleming? (JACK *takes it and puts it together again as it was.*) It's wonderful. It's the Luck I've given away.

PHIL. (*taking it*). No, not given ; for here, I restore it to you again, perfect and whole. (BECK *takes it. Enter SERVANT with telegram, which he hands to BECK, and exit again, L. 3.*)

BECK (*reads it*). Merciful power ! Listen ! "Sunk well as directed, three rods from the old well. Flow greater than the original. To quote from Colonel Sellers, 'there's millions in it.'" (*Dances about.*)

CURTAIN.

LIST OF PLAYS.

ARRANGED BY NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, MALE AND FEMALE.
FURTHER PARTICULARS IN REGULAR LIST.
PRICE GIVEN AFTER EACH PLAY.

Where a play is known under two titles, both are given as separate plays, in this list only.

TWO CHARACTERS. — One Male, one Female.

An Original Idea . . . 15

THREE CHARACTERS. — Two Males, One Female.

Box and Cox 15	Mary Moo 15	Silent Woman 15
Unprotected Female . . 15		Which Shall I Marry? 15

One Male, Two Females.

Apples 15	Two Flats and a Sharp 15	Which will Have Him? 15
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FOUR CHARACTERS. — Two Males, Two Females.

Bouquet 15	Census Taker 15	Fairy's Father 15
Give a Dog, etc. . . . 15	Mr. Joffin's Latchkey 15	Madam is Abed 15
Match Makers 15	None so Deaf as those 15	Putkiss 15
Personal Matter . . . 25	who Won't Hear . . 15	Zerubabel's Second Wife 15

Three Males, One Female.

Bombastes Furioso . . 15	The Tempter 15	Sailor's Return 15
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FIVE CHARACTERS. — Three Males, Two Females.

Anonymous Kiss . . . 15	Doubtful Victory . . . 15	Under a Veil 15
Cousin Tom 15	My Son Diana 15	Nature and Philosophy 15
Done on Both Sides . . 15	Two Buzzards 15	To Oblige Benson . . . 15
Sylvia's Soldier 15	Appearances are De- . . 15	Welsh Girl 15
Ugly Customer 15	ceitful 15	The Youth who Never . . 15
Blue and Cherry . . . 15	Don't Judge by Ap- . . 15	Saw a Woman 15
	pearances 15	

Two Males, Three Females.

Kiss in the Dark . . . 15	My Husband's Secret 15	Poor Pillicoddy 15
	Phantom Breakfast . 15	

Four Males, One Female.

Only a Clod 15	Two Heads are Better . . 15	Trumpeter's Daughter 15
	than One 15	

SIX CHARACTERS. — One Male, Five Females.

The Only Young Man in Town 30

Three Males, Three Females.

Aunt Charlotte's Maid 15	My Sister's Husband . 15	Sarah's Young Man . . 15
Always Intended . . . 15	Never Say Die 15	Two Puddifoots . . . 15
	Your Life's in Danger 15	

Four Males, Two Females.

Dandelion's Dodges . . 15	John Wopps 15	Sunshine through the . . 15
Drop Too Much 15	Nursey Chickweed . . 15	Clouds 15
From Information I Re- . . 15	Needless Stratagem (A) 15	Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, . 15
ceived 15	Once on a Time 15	and Tailor 15
I've Written to Brown 15	Slice of Luck (A) . . . 15	We're All Teetotallers 15
	Sullivan, The Slugger 15	

Five Males, One Female.

Advice to Husbands . . 15		Diamond Cut Diamond 15
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Two Males, Four Females.

Eliza Carisbrooke, etc. 15	How the Colonel Pro- . . 15	Jane's Legacy 15
	posed 15	

Boston Dip	15	Comrades	25	Peace and Quiet . . .	15
Bowled Out	15	Don's Stratagem . . .	15	Smashington Goit . .	15
Bit of Brummagem . .	15	My Turn Next	15	Silverston's Wager . .	15
Brother Bill and Me .	15	Mysterious Disappear-		Thirty Minutes for Re-	
Class Day	25	ance	15	freshments	15
		Poison	25		

Cool Collegians (The) . . . 25 | Pretty Piece of Property . 15

Family Failing . . . 15 | Look After Brown . 15 | Turkish Bath . . . 15

Dora	15	John Dobbs	15	Slasher and Crasher . .	15
Free Ward (The) . .	15	Old Honesty	15	Seeing the Elephant . .	15
		Poor Peter	15		

Crinoline	15	Christmas Box	15	My Precious Betsy	15
		Our Mutual Friend	25		

Blanks and Prizes	15	Fighting by Proxy	15	True Unto Death	15
Daughter of Regiment	15	Love's Labor Saved	15	Uncle Robert	15

Bread on the Waters . . .	15	Husband to Order . . .	15	Little More Cider . . .	15
Flower of the Family . .	15	John Smith	15	My Brother's Keeper . .	15
His Last Legs	15	Last Loaf (The)	15	Nicholas Flam	15
		Little Brown Jug (The)	15		

Payable on Demand	15	Sea of Troubles	15
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Another Glass . . .	15	Dunducketty's Picnic . . .	15	Midnight Banquet . . .	15
Down by the Sea . . .	15	Hit Him, He has no Friends	15	On and Off	15

Better than Gold . . . 25 | Queen's Heart (The) . . . 15 | Race for a Widow . . . 15

Thorn among the Roses 15

Among the Breakers . . .	15	Damon and Pythias . . .	15	Lying will Out . . .	15
Bull in a China Shop . .	15	Game of Dominos . . .	15	Mrs. Walthrop's Bach-	
Duchess of Dublin . . .	15	Lost in London . . .	15	elors	25

Coupon Bonds . . .	25	Flowing Bowl (The) . . .	25	Miller and his Men . . .	13
Enlisted for War . . .	15	Home Guard (The) . . .	15	Paddle your Own Canoe . . .	15
Ella Rosenberg . . .	15			Shaker Lovers . . .	15

Both Alike	15	Cleft Stick (The) . .	15	Lords of Creation . .	15
		Old and Young . . .	15		

Rabie	25	The Miller's Wife	15	The "Tomboy"	15
Giralda	15	Our Folks	15		

Lost Mine (The)	25	"Nevada"	25	Our Boys of 1776	15
		One Hundred Years Ago	15		

Five Males, Six Females.

Above the Clouds 15 | **The Christening** 16

Don Cæsar de Bazan . 15

TWELVE CHARACTERS.— Nine Males, Three Females.

Ticket of Leave Man	15	Wife's Secret (The)	15
Ten Males, Two Females.		Eight Males, Four Females.	

Gaspardo, the Gondolier	15	Fool's Revenge (The)	15
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OVER TWELVE CHARACTERS.

Aladdin	15	Jeweller's Apprentice	15	Scarlet Letter	15
Babes in the Woods	15	Lady of Lyons	15	School for Scandal	15
Captain Kyd	15	Lady of the Lake	15	Stolen Will (The)	25
Clari	15	Monsieur	15	Golden Butterfly (The)	25
Dumb Girl of Portici	15	Maid of Milan	15	Two Orphans (The)	25
East Lynne	15	Masaniello	15	Virginia Veteran	25
Forced to the War	25	Nauman, the Syrian	25	Wallace	15
Hero of Scotland	15	Octoroon (The)	25	Zelina	15
Hunchback (The)	15	Poor Gentleman	15	Blue and Gray, or Star	
Hamlet	15	Past Redemption	25	of Empire	30
Hidden Hand	15	The Stranger	15		

MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

Number of Characters given instead of price, which is uniformly 15 cents each.

Coals of Fire	6	Man with the Demijohn	4	Stand by the Flag	5
Close Shave	6	My Uncle the Captain	6	Shall Our Mothers Vote	11
Freedom of the Press	8	New Brooms Sweep		Two Gentlemen in a Fix	2
Gentlemen of the Jury	12	Clean	6	Too Late for the Train	2
Great Umbrella Case	32	Public Benefactor	6	Thief of Time (The)	6
Great Elixir	9	Pedlar of Vergynee	7	Tender Attachment	"
Humors of the Strike	8	Rival Poets	2	Very Pleasant Evening	3
Hypochondriac (The)	5	Runaways	4	Wanted, a Male Cook	4
		Ready-made Suit	35		

FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

15 cents each, except Rebecca's Triumph, which is 25 cents.

Aunt Mchitable's Sci- entific Experiment	6	Greatest Plague in Life	8	Red Chignon	6
Champion of Her Sex	8	The Grecian Bend	7	Rebecca's Triumph	15
Dog that will Fetch, &c.	6	Love of a Bonnet	6	Tipsy Pudding	8
Eliza's Bonafide Offer	4	No Cure, No Pay	7	Using the Weed	7
		Precious Pickle	7	Voyage of Life	9

MUSICAL AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN.

Male and Female Characters.

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